

During the month of September the Post-Dispatch printed more "For Sale" announcements than any other St. Louis newspaper.

THE ONLY ST. LOUIS EVENING NEWSPAPER WITH THE ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY DISPATCHES.  
TWELVE PAGES.

VOL. 56, NO. 47.

ST. LOUIS, WEDNESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, 1903.

PRICE: In St. Louis, One Cent.  
Outside St. Louis, Two Cents.

COMPLETE MARKET REPORTS.

## TERMINAL BILLS CONDENSED INTO ONE ORDINANCE

Joint Committee of Council and House  
Considers a New Proposition for  
Granting Privileges and Guarantee-  
ing Compensation to the City.

## CITY'S POSITION ON THE RAILROAD MAP INVOLVED

Councilman Davis Declares Proceed-  
ings Are Not Intended for Present  
Knowledge of the Public, and As-  
sembly Members Commence Secret  
Meeting.

At a joint meeting of the railroad com-  
mittees of the Council and House of Dele-  
gates this morning, Elias Michael and a  
committee from the Business Men's League  
presented one ordinance which he suggested  
as a substitute for the three terminal ordi-  
nances now pending in the municipal as-  
sembly.

The new ordinance embodies the terms  
agreed upon between the Business Men's  
League and the Terminal Association, as  
follows, and prescribes that the ordinance  
shall not become effective until the payment  
of the \$150,000 to the city by the Terminal  
Association:

1. To provide a through bill of lading for  
St. Louis freight within 10 days.
2. To furnish terminal facilities on the  
west side of the river convenient to the  
business district of St. Louis; to expend  
not less than \$1,000,000 in the next two  
years for facilities for handling inbound  
freight from the East and freight origina-  
ting at St. Louis for the East, and to in-  
crease such facilities from time to time as  
may be necessary.
3. To begin the erection of a Washington  
avenue passenger station within 30 days af-  
ter the ordinance are accepted.
4. To pay \$150,000, known as the Clark av-  
enue bridge fund, into the city treasury.
5. To contribute \$50,000 toward establish-  
ing Union Station Park.
6. To permit any railroad hereafter enter-  
ing St. Louis to use the association's facili-  
ties on the same terms as those accorded  
the members.

The joint committee went into executive  
session to consider the proposed ordinance,  
excluding newspaper representatives.

Chairman Davis of the Council commit-  
tee, who personally promulgated the ex-  
clusion order, said:

"We don't want any newspaper men  
here; we are simply going to try to find  
out where we are at. All we want of the  
newspapers is for them to wait a few days  
and not poison the public mind."

The joint committee adjourned after a  
session of two hours.

After adjourning, Chairman Davis of  
the Council committee stated to the Post-  
Dispatch that he hoped the committee  
would be able to introduce the ordinance  
as a substitute for the other terminal bills  
at Friday evening's meeting of the Coun-  
cil.

Personally, he said, he favored the bill.

## FARM AN ELECTRIC BATTERY

But Putting Your Hand on This Piece  
of Ground You Can  
Get a Shock.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 7.—Kosciusko  
County, in the far northern end of the state,  
today furnished a farm for Brown County's  
earthquake rival. W. S. Hatchery, state  
geologist, received a letter from Joshua  
Leff, living on a farm near Silver Lake,  
stating that he had a two-acre pasture that  
had some of the tendencies of an electric  
battery. By tamping the foot on the ground  
or by striking the surface with a stick,  
startling sounds.

"One can hear a peculiar crackling noise,"  
he says. "It resembles the sound produced  
by the breaking of ice. Again, there may  
be a snapping sound like that produced  
by throwing salt on a hot fire. The noise  
is so distinct that it may be heard from  
one to three rods away."

According to Leff, the strange crack-  
ling of the pasture is that one may receive a  
shock as if from a battery. The boy had  
simply touched the hand upon the ground.  
The state geologist is curious about the  
phenomenon and he will send a deputy  
there at once to make an investigation.

**Cigarettes Boy's Undoing.**  
With mind befuddled from smoking ci-  
garettes, Frank Jewell, a 16-year-old boy,  
living at 1816 North Twenty-first street,  
was placed on the stand in the Dayton  
street police court Wednesday morning for  
having struck his mother on the head with a  
brick.

Because she asked to let her keep part  
of his money, fearing that he would waste  
it, young Jewell flew into a violent rage  
and assaulted her Sunday night the second  
time within two weeks. Judge Pollard  
questioned the boy who seemed sleepy and  
indifferent to his surroundings. Then it  
was learned that for a year the boy had  
been feverishly smoking cigarettes, even  
getting up in the night to do so. He was  
sent to the observation ward of the City  
Hospital, and will be submitted to a sur-  
geon's examination before judgment is  
made on his case.

## PEARLS LOST IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Darkness Prevents Successful Search  
for Scattered Parts of \$5000  
Necklace.

## GLOVES CAUSE OF COLLISION

Thirty of Seventy Pearls Were Not  
Recovered, and There Is No Hope  
of Finding Them.

While Joseph G. Miller of 3702 Washing-  
ton boulevard was putting on his gloves,  
Mrs. Miller lost control of their steam  
automobile and it bolted into a post at  
Portland place and Union avenue, throw-  
ing them out and breaking Mrs. Miller's  
new \$5000 pearl necklace.

In all directions flew the precious jewels  
and 30 of the 70 in the string were not re-  
covered, although diligent search was made.  
The missing pearls were the largest in  
the strand and were valued at \$3000. The  
part of the necklace saved was around the  
back of the neck and was held in place  
by a wrap.

The accident occurred just at dusk, and  
the dim light prevented a more successful  
hunt for the jewels. Later a careful sur-  
vey of the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Miller  
were overturned proved useless. Not a  
pearl could be found.

Whether the 30 big ones were picked up  
by someone or whether they were ground  
to pieces by passing vehicles is unknown to  
their owner.

Recently Mrs. Miller's mother returned  
from Europe and brought her daughter  
the necklace.

The evening air was a trifle cool, and  
Mr. Miller's fingers felt the need of gloves,  
so he gave the lever to his wife for a mo-  
ment.

The automobile struck a small obstacle,  
the lever was jolted from Mrs. Miller's  
hand and the next moment rushed into a  
post.

Believing the recovery of the pearls hope-  
less, Mr. Miller has offered no reward for  
their return.

## JOKE EXPOSES AN IMPOSTER

"Deaf and Dumb" Beggar Trapped by  
Shrewd Turnkey, Whose Funny  
Story Made Him Laugh.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.  
NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 7.—When  
James J. Flood, well and the aero-  
plane as deaf and dumb, was arrested a week  
ago he stolidly declined to be trapped by  
the police into a revelation of his sham-  
ing.

The jail Flood was introduced to  
Turnkey Lewis Childsey, who holds the  
state championship as a practical joker  
and funny story teller. When Flood  
was in his cell, Turnkey Childsey visited  
him and related his funniest story.

At first Flood smiled. Then he snick-  
ered.

At last he could resist the temptation  
to laugh heartily.

Then he complimented Childsey on the  
story and told him another.

The joke exposed an imposter. Flood  
was arrested and sent up for 60 days  
more as an imposter.

## BOX CAR LETTERS FOR AUTOS

Council Considers Question of Per-  
mitting Advertising on "Please"  
Waste Paper Boxes.

Automobiles will have to bear the number  
of their license in white figures five inches  
high on a black background if an ordinance  
introduced by Councilman Charles E. Gib-  
son is passed.

An appropriation of \$2000 for additional  
repairs at the courthouse was submitted  
by the controller. Twenty-one bills were  
passed of which the most important were  
measures. One repeals the ordinance  
opening Westminster place between King's  
highway and Union boulevard; another ap-  
propriates \$10,000 for repairs and improve-  
ments at Forest Park; and the last pro-  
vides for the construction of a drinking foun-  
tain on East Grand avenue, near the water  
tower.

Councilman Ruffes introduced a bill  
granting C. Bauer and H. Depp the  
right to maintain for 19 years on state  
corners iron receptacles for waste paper.  
The city is to receive 10 per cent of the  
gross receipts from advertisements on  
boxes. A bill to provide 200 such boxes at  
the city and other public buildings and  
premises is also before the assembly.

## LITTLE GIRL'S CRUEL FRIGHT.

Defendant on Charge of Disturbing  
Her Is 19 Years Old.

Charles Lindsay, 19 years old, of 3231  
Manchester avenue, was arrested Tues-  
day afternoon on the charge of disturbing  
the peace of 4-year-old Margaret Blitzer,  
who lives with her parents in the upper  
flat at the same number.

He gave bond and his case, which was  
called before Judge Tracy of the City Hall  
police court Wednesday morning, was con-  
tinued for a week.

The child's parents state that the offense  
with which young Lindsay is charged  
was committed a week ago, but that he  
has been away from home a greater part  
of the time since then, and they have  
only just been able to question him re-  
garding the child's statements.

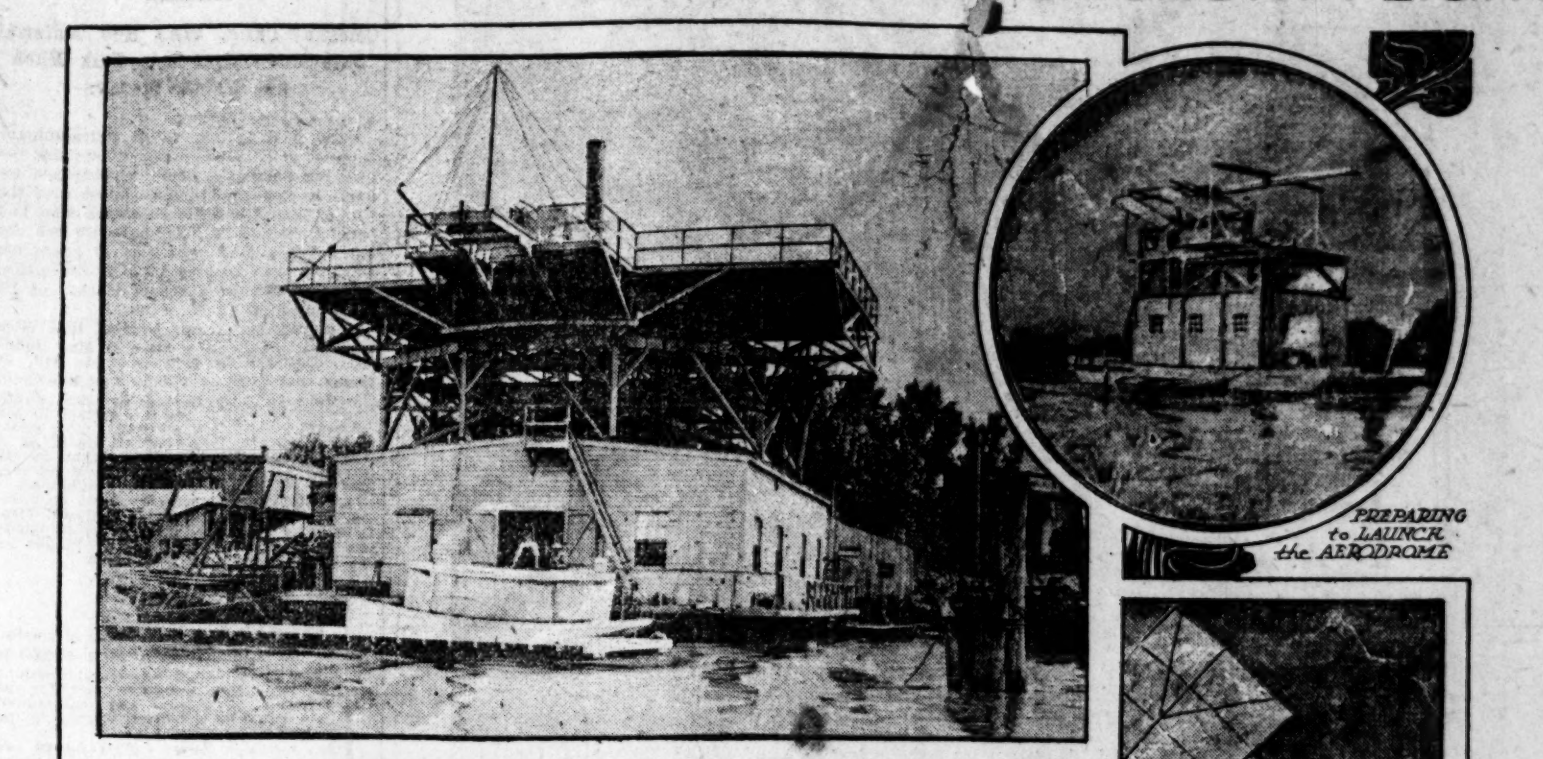
Lindsay denies the charges, and says  
that he was not at home at the time  
that the alleged offense was committed.  
Mrs. Blitzer, mother of the child, says,  
however, that she saw him in the house  
on the night of the offense.

An effort was made by the child's pa-  
rents to secure a warrant, but on the advice  
of physicians the prosecution was aban-  
doned. Lindsay's attorney, who was re-  
fused to grant the request, Mr. Blitzer  
retained an attorney to assist in the  
prosecution.

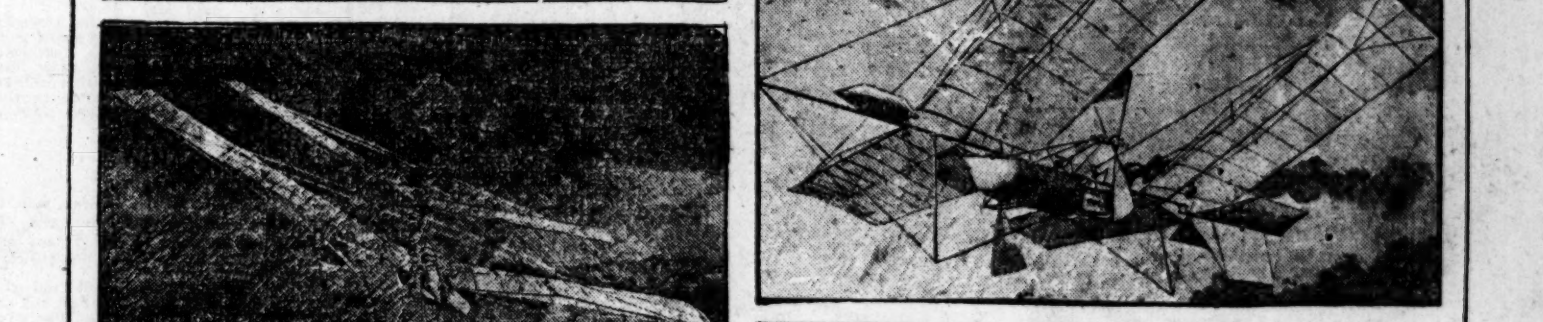
The little girl was taken before the  
prosecuting attorney, but was too badly  
frightened to talk.

**More Exits From Station.**  
The passenger committee of the rail-  
road commission will report to the mu-  
nicipal assembly on Oct. 20, that more exits  
should be provided and windows added.  
The baggage agents will recommend that  
another baggage station be built upon the  
site of the present one, with better sta-  
rangements and more room. Assistant  
General Passenger Agent Bowen of the  
Missouri Pacific, who was present at the  
Monday. Others present were H. C. Town-  
send, Missouri Pacific; J. E. Taylor,  
Washington, and W. F. Depp, Big Four.

## PROF. LANGLEY'S FAMOUS AIRSHIP A COMPLETE WRECK AFTER SHORT FLIGHT



Photograph of Prof. Langley's New Aerodrome on House Boat



Prof. Langley's Aerodrome in Flight—A View From Above

## SERVANT'S TRUNK FULL OF PLUNDER

Loot of All Sorts Was Stored Away to  
Wait the Arrival of Ex-  
press Wagon.

A young woman was a prisoner at the  
home of Theodore F. Meyer, 439 Lindell  
boulevard, all Wednesday morning. Then  
the police came and took her away.

Mrs. Meyer, returning from the summer  
in the east, soon discovered that certain  
articles which had been in the house when  
she went away two months ago, were  
missing. She suspected her new house-  
maid, Nellie Maroney, a good looking and  
gentle girl of 25.

Velvet Prophet's night came and these  
fears were strengthened and substantiated.  
"My mother is very sick over in Jack-  
sonville and I want to go to see her,"  
said the maid.

Mrs. Meyer did not reply. She under-  
stood.

Nellie Maroney's trunk was not taken  
away from the Meyer residence last night,  
as the girl had planned it should be. Mrs.  
Meyer, operating a detective agency all her  
own. If it is not extensive, it is quick  
results.

Burglars refused to move the trunk  
Tuesday night.

Mrs. Meyer accused the girl of theft  
Wednesday morning. The accusation was  
stoutly denied.

"I have stolen nothing from you," said  
the maid, "and I am going home today."  
"You will not go home until your trunk  
is searched," replied Mrs. Meyer.

After locking the girl in her room, Mrs.  
Meyer searched the trunk. It was full of  
stolen property, of almost unprecedented  
variety.

## ANCIENT AND HONORABLES.

Boston and London Companies Go to  
West Point.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The Ancient and  
Honorable Artillery Company of Boston  
and the New York Artillery Company, es-  
corting the Honorable Artillery Company  
of London, arrived here today on a steamer  
from Fall River. Without loss of time the  
Boston and London companies, in full  
uniform, descended the gangway of the  
Fall River boat and marched in column of  
two escorted across the pier and up the  
gangway of an excursion boat, and five  
minutes later the steamer swung out into  
the stream and with the united bands of  
both companies playing proceeded up the  
river en route to West Point. The New-  
port Artillery Company then proceeded to  
a hotel to spend the day, intending to meet  
the London and Boston Honorables on the  
return from West Point late this afternoon.

## BODY UNBURIED SINCE APRIL.

Husband Has Not Returned After  
Leaving Corpse With Undertakers.

Cullen & Kelly, a firm of undertakers,  
are trying to locate relatives of the late  
Mrs. Kate McFarland, who died at the  
Female Hospital April 13 last, and whose  
body they have kept in their undertak-  
ing room since that time.

The undertakers say the woman's hus-  
band ordered them to take charge of the  
body, but they have not seen him since.  
He gave no instructions as to the place  
or manner of burial. Mrs. McFarland  
lived at 1912 Chouteau avenue.

## RESULTS AT MORRIS PARK.

First race—Ulryia, first; Judith Campbell,  
second; Ed Tierney, third.  
Second race—Mabel Richardson, first; Paulson,  
second; Mabel Richardson, third.  
Third race—Stalwart, first; Fulvus, sec-  
ond; Wagon, third.

## FAIR GROUNDS RESULTS.

First race—Interfection, first; Spectre,  
second; Harry Griffith, third.

## GIRL BLINDED BY MUSTARD THROWER

Confetti Battle During Veiled Prophe-  
et's Parade Has Painful  
Ending.

## TAMALE VENDER ARRESTED

Gray-Haired Man Denies Charge Made  
by Misses Levy of Lindell  
Boulevard.

Misses Nellie and Lucille Levy, the  
young and pretty daughters of L. H. Levy  
of 4330 Lindell boulevard, appeared in the  
Dayton street police court Wednesday  
morning to prosecute Henry Geitz, the  
gray-haired whiskered vendor who had  
had his stand at the southwest corner of  
Sixth street and Washington avenue for 15  
years.

The young women charged Geitz with  
throwing mustard on them after the Veiled  
Prophet's parade.

Miss Lucille was blinded for five minutes  
and a new street suit was ruined, as  
were also the clothes of Miss Nellie. Miss  
Nellie, who is 17 years old, positively iden-  
tified Geitz as the person who threw the  
mustard. Her sister, who is 15 years old,  
was blinded so quickly by the mustard  
that she could not identify Geitz, and  
said she was not positive who was the  
thrower.

The two girls testified that they watched  
the Veiled Prophet parade from the win-  
dows of their father's store. About 10  
o'clock they started home with their broth-  
er, Charles F. Levy, and his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Levy were walking in front  
of the girls. All were passing Geitz's  
stand.

The mustard struck Miss Lucille in the  
face and flew all over her hair. It ruined  
her new blue tulle jacket and her light  
walking skirt.

She suffered greatly from the pain in her  
eyes, but immediate help in a nearby drug  
store partially relieved this pain. Geitz  
was arrested and locked up.

Geitz denies the charge. He says that  
the girls passed his stand, and that one  
of them threw confetti in his face.

"While I was ducking," he testified,  
"some person, I do not know who, grabbed  
a bottle of mustard, which stood on my  
stand. He turned his back toward the  
girls and threw the contents of the bottle  
over his shoulder, striking both girls."

Geitz declared positively that he could  
throw the mustard, and that he could not  
throw at least one witness to establish that  
fact. The case was set for trial at 10  
o'clock tomorrow to give Geitz time to offer evi-  
dence.

The Misses Levy appeared in court most  
stylishly attired. Their sister-in-law, Mrs.  
Charles F. Levy, was with them.

## BIG THURSDAY A FAIR DAY

Showers Will Be Dispelled by Sun-  
shine in Time for Enjoyment of  
Week's Biggest Crowd.

There is a prospect for sunshine and  
bracing weather for Big Thursday. The  
weather bureau says the rain which  
followed the parade, and the red  
fireworks Tuesday  
night, and which  
did not conduce to  
a happy feeling  
Wednesday morn-  
ing, will continue  
later in the day and  
then stop. There is  
no prospect of sun-  
shine Wednesday  
afternoon, but  
Thursday morning  
there should be  
plenty of it. The  
official prediction is:

"Fair Wednesday night and Thursday  
cooler Wednesday night."

The rain that came to St. Louis blew  
in with a general rainstorm that has been  
dampening the western country and is con-  
tinuing on its eastward journey. It will  
be closely followed by a sharp drop in  
the temperature, but not enough to bring  
frost along with it.

The weather people say the careful man  
will carry an umbrella all day, but that  
overcoat will be superfluous.

## LIFE HISTORY STRANGE ONE

Mrs. Minor's Husband Killed Two  
Men Who Courted Her and Was  
Hanged for Murder.

A motion which requested the removal of  
the administrative of the estate of Eliza-  
beth Jane Minor, known as Faucher, and  
which was taken under advisement by  
Judge Cress yesterday, revealed strange  
facts in the life history of Mrs. Minor.

Thirty-eight years ago she lived in San  
Francisco. Her husband engaged at at-  
tentions paid to her by two men, shot both  
for murder.

After the hanging Mrs. Minor could no  
longer stay in Savannah. She moved to  
St. Louis, where she was known as Mrs.  
Faucher.

When she died three years ago she left  
the German Savings Bank, Henrietta  
Syvolda, who represented her estate, a  
daughter of Julius N. Johnson, a sister of  
the deceased, was given letters of adminis-  
tration for the property.

A short time ago Mrs. Mary E. McCall,  
daughter of Mrs. Minor, learned of her  
mother's death. Because of the change of  
name and the fact that she lived in San  
Francisco, she had not heard of it before.

Together with John and Charles Tilton,  
grandsons of Mrs. Minor, who live in  
Prescott, Ariz., she requested that  
changes be made in the administration.

## CAN'T ALTER HIS WORK

And, at the same time, he can't  
change his work.

NEW YORK by the Su-  
perior court and  
work case and  
and it is tacked  
to the William  
action to  
any ma-  
nual pa-  
ment. The  
court has  
decided  
that the  
work case  
is not a  
contract  
case, and  
that the  
court has  
no power  
to alter  
the work  
case.















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## VISIT THE POST-DISPATCH.

VISITORS TO ST. LOUIS DURING FAIR WEEK. AND IN CONNECTION WITH THE WORLD'S FAIR ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO INSPECT THE POST-DISPATCH BUILDING AND PLANT. THEY WILL SEE A GREAT EXPOSITION NEWSPAPER PLANT, SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE PUBLIC, AT WORK PRINTING, ILLUSTRATING AND DISTRIBUTING NEWSPAPERS. ST. LOUISANS CAN NOT GIVE THEIR GUESTS MORE INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT THAN BY SHOWING THEM THE POST-DISPATCH. THE BEST HOURS FOR INSPECTION ARE BETWEEN 2 AND 5 P. M., WHEN THE PRESSES ARE RUNNING.

Senator Platt is a faithful supporter of one of Mr. Roosevelt's policies at least.

It may be more difficult for earthquakes to be felt while a shakeup of boodlers is on.

If thought could be seen by light, it would be as if it were on behind the thickest skulls.

Japan wants more space at the World's Fair as well as on the continent of Asia. Japan is a growing nation.

The postoffice department is pretty well indicted. Care should be had to leave enough officials to run the office.

## BRACING PATRIOTISM.

The Post-Dispatch has commented on Judge Grosscup's refusal to take service with the Northern Securities Co. at a salary of \$100,000 a year. Here is his statement in the matter: "Personally, I believe in combinations of capital. I believe they are here to stay and, properly controlled, will help rather than hurt the public interests. But the time has come to insist upon it that corporations of every character be honestly organized and honestly managed and controlled. I think I have done something toward creating a public sentiment in that direction, and, back of everything I have done, more than anything else getting me the public ear has been the moral suasion of my judgeship. To lay it aside now would seem like surrendering opportunity to dollars."

This is in the spirit and manner of disinterested public service. His judgeship is a great opportunity to serve his country, and may not be put aside for money. In the day when dollar-hunting is so often held up as the only occupation worthy a stalwart man, Judge Grosscup's manly and patriotic words come like a breath of bracing fresh air.

The accident at the Chouteau avenue crossing Tuesday morning was an extraordinary example of gross carelessness. A searching investigation is called for.

## A DISCRIMINATING STORK.

The population of the millionaire squares in the Fifth avenue district of New York must have read with a thrill of gratitude the news of the arrival of twins at the home of Rev. Dr. J. Ross Stevenson, a preacher of that district.

It was a narrow escape, but the stork was a discriminating bird, for while Dr. Stevenson preaches to millionaires, he is not one himself. And Dr. Stevenson richly deserved what he got, because he "has long been outspoken in opposition to the scarcity of babies in fashionable families." The stork knew what he was about.

It appears that Dr. Stevenson has known all along that it was because the fashionable women were so self-sacrificing that they preferred looking after "their hospitals and charitable organizations" to the joy of raising families, that they discouraged visits by the stork. It is no wonder, therefore, that these twins have been dropped in on him as a punishment.

Everyone knows that contributing to hospitals and serving on managerial boards of charitable organizations is more glorious than looking after babies of one's own. The stork has given Dr. Stevenson and his parishioners a valuable object lesson.

If Charles M. Schwab received \$20,000,000 for property not worth more than \$10,000,000, perhaps it was conscience, and not overwork, that made him sick.

## A LAW OF MATERIAL SUCCESS.

The Rev. Mr. Burchard upset political calculations by throwing a phrase into the brew.

Did Mr. Morgan introduce the heaven of disaster into the financial loaf when he contributed that telling phrase, "undegested securities," to the Wall street world? How much of the decline which began a few months ago is due to this thought-producing, stimulating phrase?

The phrase-maker is often the smith of his own ruin. The man who would make a practical success mustn't make phrases. Let him think what he will, but he must say only what other men say. He must utter the truth already known, the truth that is common property. If he says this more impressively than anybody else his fellow men prick up their ears and say: "There is a wise man, a conservative, temperate, safe man; we will buy his stocks."

This is the law of practical success, first announced by Mark Antony when he ran Brutus and Cassius out of town by merely telling the noble Romans what they knew, or thought they knew. Remember Mark Antony and keep red fire and red pepper out of your discourse.

## WANT TO SLEEP ON BEDS.

The bedrock of the Macedonian uprising is laid bare by the fall of Salonica, who is quoted to this effect by a writer in the Fortnightly Review:

"It is all the fault of the Bulgarian schools," said the vali. "In these nests of vice the sons of peasants are maintained for a number of years in idleness and luxury. Indeed, they actually sleep on beds. And then they go back to their villages. There are no beds in their father's cottages, and these young gentlemen are much too fine to sleep on the floor. They try the life for a little and then they go off and join the revolutionary bands."

So that's the trouble. The peasants want something softer to sleep on than the soft side of a board.

The vali's explanation is a symbol. The meaning is that the Bulgarian schools are the cause of the trouble. The peasants are steeped in idleness and luxury. They are maintained for a number of years in idleness and luxury. They are actually sleeping on beds. And then they go back to their villages. There are no beds in their father's cottages, and these young gentlemen are much too fine to sleep on the floor. They try the life for a little and then they go off and join the revolutionary bands.

carry out those reforms he has been about to promise ever since 1878. When people like these Macedonians get bread they immediately begin to crave pie, and when they get a hunk of pie they begin to dream of a whole pie. And if these ever-ready luxuries are denied them they kick up a row. Of course, in view of these well known sociological facts the Sultan can justly demand the closing of the Bulgarian schools. Reforms are not possible among people who want what isn't good for them.

The Velled Prophet surpassed his own record Tuesday night; the parade was a brilliant success. The electric illumination of the floats was a great improvement over the torches alone, as it supplied brilliant light and variety of colors and designs. Taken together, the parade and the reflected highest credit upon the citizens who have generously of time and means to entertain St. Louis and her guests. They foreshadow a magnificent function for the World's Fair next year, when St. Louis will probably be visited by celebrities from all over the world.

## SCHWAB'S SHOCKING CONDUCT.

The charges against Mr. Charles M. Schwab are not startling. Neither are they new. Briefly, he is accused of turning in the Bethlehem steel works to the United States Shipbuilding Co. at \$30,000,000, when they were worth at the most only \$10,000,000. And the receiver of the defunct shipbuilding trust prays that he and his associates be made to disgorge.

But this is exactly what trust promoting means. It is ridiculous to assume, with a face of cherubic innocence, that such transactions are unusual, shocking or irreparable. Mr. Schwab had a good steel plant which he was ready to sell. If he sold it for three times its value and turned loose the wind and water on the public he did only what has been done repeatedly with great eclat during the past few years. And if his fellow balloonists came down with a dull thud when the wind broke they shouldn't blame him for good naturedly giving them a greater supply of buoyancy than the bag could contain. People who go into ballooning as a serious business must expect such little mishaps.

Judge Adams seems to think that the naturalization frauds originate high up, on the plane of the upper air and solar walk. Can it be that the righteous are to be convicted of sin?

## MORBUS SABBATICUS.

The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance decides that the non-church going habit is a disease like diphtheria or kleptomania. The name given it is "morbis sabbaticus."

The principal symptom of this disease, besides stay-at-home-ness, is the desire for and ability to eat a hearty dinner. It will be observed that the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance treats the subject seriously. There is nothing more serious than disease and when a practice hitherto accounted of no pathologic interest is discovered to be symptomatic of a disease with a terrible name, solemn reflections are superinduced in the healthy mind, as the learned doctors would say.

Meanwhile, let us think of what a wise man once said: "A man (and woman) follows his controlling love." Perhaps disinclination to go to church can be accounted for if we discover the controlling love of the average woman. "If so it will not be necessary to enlarge the sphere of pathologic science."

A guardian who squanders his wards' property is in danger of prosecution and imprisonment. The United States government should be as faithful to its Indian wards as the guardian of a minor and his estate is expected to be.

More than half a million people in the United States annually misdirect letters. If so many blunders are made in one little thing, what a chaos of mistakes there must be in the whole business of the country.

If De Holiament had a policeman and some signs to indicate to strangers that it is the place to change cars for the World's Fair grounds, conditions there would be much improved.

Mr. Balfour found it very difficult to fill up the vacant spaces in the cabinet. He may have to resign himself and let some politician who hasn't so many doubts undertake to rule.

Though all the vendors know of the law against adulterating milk, the fines continue. Is it still profitable to sell adulterated articles?

Surely President Roosevelt will not fail to call attention, in his message, to the importance of making bribery an extraditable offense.

## POST-DISPATCH SNAP-SHOTS.

All cotton now runs to Brown sheetings. The new British cabinet is unlucky in having no baseball athletes.

The St. Louis Women's Club is to have no bar. This in itself would bar male membership.

Mr. Rockefeller could add greatly to his income by following his inclination to lecture on religion. He would easily pack the halls.

Very few of next year's visitors will know when a St. Louis earthquake is at work. Nothing is gentler than the earthquakes of St. Louis.

Why should Carondelet be favored with an earthquake, with nothing doing in other parts of the city? What especial merit has Carondelet?

A morning journal speaks of "diadems in the Exposition's crown." As a diadem is itself a crown, and a crown is a diadem, how about that?

There is a many an empty pocket that is wholly unaware of the \$2,000,000 increase in St. Louis circulation. It is as hard to realize as a per capita.

It is now an established fact that a table fork is a deadly weapon, an Alabama landlady having killed a boarder with one. It is likely that boarders will in future be exceedingly cautious in criticizing the lobocuse.

## POST-DISPATCH ANSWERS.

Legal questions not answered. Business addresses not given. No answers printed on any special day. No bets decided. Don't sign "Subscriber" or "Constant Reader." One initial is enough.

G. M.—No premium on any 1853 dime. J. E. D.—Ash Wednesday, 1853, March 7. S.—Make your calling card "Mr. John Smith."

C. B.—St. Louis Exposition opened Sept. 3, 1884. F. R.—Write to Bureau of Publicity, World's Fair. P. D.—Grand seating capacity, 228; Standard, 263.

R.—All envelopes with questions for this department should be marked "Answers." H. V. and J. V.—Write to Prof. Schick, North St. Louis Turner Hall, Twentieth and Salisbury.

FRIEND—Alex. Hermann, magician, died of heart disease, near Salamancas, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1898, aged 52. W. P. D.—At wedding anniversary reception it is not necessary that those receiving should wear gloves.

F. Smith.—There is a Fayette County in Indiana. In 1900 it gave McKinley 2339 votes. If the name appeared here as Lafayette we do not know how the mistake occurred.

J. E. G.—Night schools are all open: 4250 Grove street, Windsor and Hogan, Tenth and Carroll, Ninth and Desmarais, 1639 Lucas, Twenty-third and Carr, 1113 Lucas, Ora and Kennerly, Manchester and Dillon, 2812 Main street, Grand near Finney.

R.—The law authorizes the health commissioner or his employees to enter into and examine, in the day time, all buildings, lots and places of every description. It does not specify whether they shall enter a fence or enter by a gate, or whether they must wait until the occupants are at home.

R. F. D.—Blue and red make purple. To clean pressed brick material: If red wash with water, then with diluted manganic acid, then wash again with water. If buff or gray, clean in the same way with diluted oxalic acid. Be sure to clean in sections—three or four courses at a time—stopping at the joint.

M. R.—For pimples, corrosive sublimate (in coarse powder) 10 grains, distilled water 1 pint; shake well. For blackheads, 10 grains, distilled water 1 pint; shake well. For dandruff, 10 grains, distilled water 1 pint; shake well. For dandruff, 10 grains, distilled water 1 pint; shake well. For dandruff, 10 grains, distilled water 1 pint; shake well.

## JUST A MINUTE WITH THE POST-DISPATCH POET &amp; PHILOSOPHER

## AFTER THE BALL.

After the ball is over,  
After the break of dawn,  
After the first has sparkled,  
After the glow has gone,  
Many a head is aching,  
Many a taste is gall,  
Many a smile has vanished,  
After the ball.

Who can recall the Prophet,  
Who can recall his name but yet  
Who was the girl—a stunner?  
Who gurgled so merrily?  
Where did I wake this morning?  
I can't a thing recall.  
Oh, the night was dismal  
After the ball!

## A Poetical Pacemaker.

A new poet has been discovered. May, not discovered; rather let us say that he has burst upon us of his own free will and accord, shedding about him an effluence that is maddening for beauty. He hails from California—Berkeley, Cal., to be exact. This is his local habitation, and Frederick Milton Willis is his name. Faithful to his native state, it is to California that he has dedicated his little book of verse, which he is pleased to call "These Glimmerings of Feelings of Beauty, and Gropings of Thoughts of Rational Interpretation of the Outer and Inner."

Mr. Willis' remarkable style may be obtained from the following stanzas—the first three of a four-page effort entitled, "Through the Valley of the Nile":

Life smiled on the lovely child  
And led him with delicate finger-tips  
Into the Valley of the Nile;  
And kissing his voluted finger-tips,  
Quicken his inchoate will.  
He shrank from the peeping blank—  
Turned back toward the glittering spangles  
Of love-living on the hill  
Just out of the tortuous tangles  
Of the secret Valley of the Nile.

But the gradient, paved with radiant,  
Vaccines, was not his.  
He shrank to a slender rill  
Of ductant spirit, to the slight  
Of the child of the Valley of the Nile.

In addition to "Voluted Finger-tips," "Love-living light" and "Vaccines of love," Mr. Willis treats us to such expressions as "the celestial effluence," "the vast, gamut valley" and "catalytic, equivocal ill."

He also rhymes "sink her lips" with "fingers," and "anybody who can't" with "feet and feet and feet and feet" more than a poet. He is a genius.

In the course of a prose poem entitled "Supremacy," Mr. Willis somewhat anxiously inquires: "What is the meaning of the fiercely surging tidal impulse of the underlying, turbid source of incarnating and evolving soul, a sea of germine frenzy, aspire vandylically—leap like fens of dire, the centaur effluence, dash it in a devilish rage—and then, insatiate, lick with rapid passion-tongues the lambent empyrean spirit-fire—cannot the gentle flame insinuate, with soft persistence, its fine dividing and disintegrating, all the fury of the limbic and material sea—and timeless, spaceless, pulse with purest light in primal legislative glory?"

Well, we hope so, but it is exceedingly doubtful.

Mr. Willis informs us that he hesitated for fifteen years about giving these poems to the world, but that finally he could no longer resist the impulse to commit publication. Had he commenced doctoring for it right away he might have averted the crisis, but look what the reading world would have missed!

## Up Against It

"I would not live alive; I ask not to stay  
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er  
The way."  
I would not live alive; of life I will tire  
If the prices of hard coal shall go any higher.

A bunch of "promoters" refuse Mr. Schwab of having bilked them out of \$30,000,000. What! Are our great "promoters" so stupid that they would let a mere boy like Charles Schwab sell them a \$30,000,000 steel plant for \$300,000? If so, Mr. Schwab came nearer being worth that million-dollar salary to the steel trust than most persons gave him credit for.

A peddler at Paris, Mo., was sent to the penitentiary for two years for stealing an ordinary pair of eye-glasses, although he pleaded guilty and returned the goods. When, oh when, will men learn that it is only the big thief who escapes punishment?

All of the Velled Prophet's fenders worked. Not a person was killed. Why can't the V. P. be engaged as a general manager of the Transit company?

Mr. Risque is a member of the October grand jury, and more risky disclosures of local conditions may be made.

## MISSOURI ODD FACTS.

The names of Missouri towns and streams and localities would indicate from their spelling a very cosmopolitan population, but their pronunciation discloses a homogeneity of people using one language, and that very much "United States." These are instances: Milan (Moyelan), New Madrid (New Madrid), Francois (Saint Francois), Bola Brule (Bab Rooly), Cote Sans Dessein (Cost Sanderson).

"All was still in the coach," relates the Chillicothe Tribune, "and nearly everyone was asleep when someone yelled in frightened and bloodcurdling tones, 'There's a big snake loose in this car! I felt it crawl across my foot! Wow!' Instantly everyone was awake. Women began screaming, babies crying and men began to give advice. Some active woman grabbed her skirts about her and climbed to the top of her chair, and immediately everybody in the car tried to follow her example. Such a frightened lot of screaming, scuffling people was never seen. It would have been amusing had it not been so terrible. About the time everyone was on top of his chair a man appeared and said that it was his snake and that he would not bite anybody. He might as well have saved his breath, for every time the snake approached the chair of a lady the air would be rent with a scream that would have shamed a Sioux warrior. After checking his pet up and down the aisle, under the seats and around the heating pipes for several minutes the man finally captured the snake."



## THE POST-DISPATCH DAILY MAGAZINE

## THE LOST RING

From the German.

Arthur (on his knees under the drawing room table, looking for something, he feels with his hand under a settee, which he pushes back and forth. At last he rises and pulls his coat and waistcoat straight and exclaims): Nothing. This affair may become very embarrassing to me. (He sits down on a chair by the table). One should really let flirting alone—it is too dangerous. And she is worse than the others. I have completely lost my head. And now, after a long stay together at Dianitz, my aunt has invited the mother, and, of course, her too. The ladies have become quite intimate, and I—well, she is enchanting. If she only did not have that mania, such a ridiculous mania! Evenings—every evening—she gives me her ring, a gold band with a pearl surrounded by sapphires in it, and I must give her my seal ring before she is satisfied. When we all go upstairs and wish each other goodnight she puts my seal ring on her little finger behind the backs of the ladies. I find that very dangerous and compromising. Then, at her command, I must force her little gold band on my finger and keep it on all night, in order to dream of her. The first time she proposed I found it charming, as everything she says, but today I have lost the ring. I don't have it last night when I went to my room? How can I tell her? Well, it will be some time before I agree to anything of that sort again.

Lillian (coming into the room)—Good morning, Arthur.  
Arthur (to himself): There she is! (Aloud) Good morning, dear friend. (He kisses her hand).  
Lillian (giving him the seal ring): Here is your ring.  
Arthur: Oh, I thank you.  
Lillian: Give it back to me.  
Arthur: What?  
Lillian: My ring! Quick! Mamma is coming in a minute and will notice that I am not wearing it.  
Lillian: But you cannot wear it by daylight.  
Arthur: No, of course not.  
Lillian: Where is it, then?  
Arthur (laying his hand on his heart): Here! Oh, my aunt is calling me. Didn't you hear her?

Lillian: Yes, yes! She called me; I am sure I heard her. I shall be back in a few minutes. (Rushes out).

Lillian (alone): Really, this is stupid of me. It is the first time I have let a first girl get the better of me. But, how was it, after all? Did he begin, or did I? (Goes to the piano). Oh, this is tiresome. I will play the lively waltz he played last evening. (She opens the piano and sees the ring lying on the keys). My ring! No, this is really a trifle too much! He must have left it here last night. Oh, the liar! He does not love me. (She drops on a chair and bursts into tears).

Arthur (opening the door cautiously): Well, there she is! What is she doing? (Comes nearer). You are crying! Lillian, are you?

Lillian (drawing her hand quickly over her eyes and turning away, replies with a short): No.

Arthur: Yes you are. (He tries to take her hand).  
Lillian: Let me alone! Go away! Leave me, since you don't love me (she begins to cry again).

Arthur: I—I don't love you? Lillian, don't say that again. What have I done to you? Dearest Lillian, I cannot bear to see you while Lillian is crying. Suddenly he stops before her). Yes, I do love you! Much more than you realize—much more than I knew myself a few minutes ago. My darling—don't cry! What shall I do to prove my love?

Lillian (to herself): Oh! now is the time to humble him! (Aloud): Give me back my ring!

Arthur (to himself): Well, I can't confess now—it is absolutely impossible. (Aloud): Lillian, why do you doubt me? Can't you tell me?

Lillian: My ring? Where is my ring?  
Arthur: Your ring? Well, then—I have it no longer.

Lillian: Oh!  
Arthur: Early this morning I sent it away as a pattern.

Arthur (to himself): I don't know what I am saying. (Aloud)—Yes, as a jeweler, in order that he might send me some samples from which I could choose one for you—

Arthur (catching her hand and kissing it)—With the right which a fiancé would have. (To himself)—Well, now it has gone that far! Haven't I always said that flirtations—

Lillian (draws her hand away, feels in her pocket and takes out the ring—it is lying on the keys).  
Arthur—O! Well, to tell the truth, I lost it last night. I didn't dare to confess, but—did you cry because you found it? My God! how sorry I am. So, then, all is over. You will not allow me—

Lillian—What?  
Arthur (rises and tries to take her hand).—To send it as a pattern. I have not done it, but it could still—

Lillian—You don't love me.  
Arthur—You don't love me again! Will you allow me—Say "yes" so that I can prove that I love you with all my heart. (He draws her nearer).  
Lillian (lets him do it, hides her face on his shoulder, and whispers)—Well, then—yes—take it.

Arthur—O, my darling, my love, my little wife! His stoops and whispers in her ear): It is lovely, after all, to have our flirtation end this way, isn't it?

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Lillian (lets him do it, hides her face on his shoulder, and whispers)—Well, then—yes—take it.

## LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Control of the Primaries.  
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

Your editorial 2d inst. asking the very important question if the Democratic organization would absolutely control the primaries raises the issue of the campaign, and that is the city arrayed against the country. Mississippi has just gone through with that character of a fight, and the country won. The city central committee under the law has the appointment of all the judges and clerks and can manipulate the election machinery against the interest of any candidate. But is that good policy for the Democratic party?



# QUEEN TELLS HER OWN STORY OF BALL

Miss Lucille Chouteau Says She Wasn't "Frightened" But Did Feel a Little "Timid"—Ice Water Cools the Prophet on the Day After a Sad One—Filipinos See Parade From the Post-Dispatch Office.

"Was I frightened? O no, not exactly frightened, just a little timid about facing so many strangers. No, I had no idea I was to be queen until this evening, when I read an article in the Post-Dispatch that stated I would in all probability be selected for the honor. My emotions? Most pleasant I assure you, for it is an honor to be made queen and I felt it to be so.

"I enjoyed the honor, too, and the ball as well, for this is my very first. I suppose, of course, I shall be identified with the World's Fair, but, of course, this is rather early to consider things so far ahead. But, of course, I shall be sure to do my part in whatever way I can."

This was what Miss Lucille Chouteau remarked to me as she entered the dressing-room, just off the main floor, that had been reserved for the maids and matrons of honor at the Veiled Prophet's ball. She was very sweet and her manners charming and she smiled prettily when I put the question: "Were you frightened?" to her. Miss Chouteau carried off the honors of the evening with a regal air. She received on her throne surrounded by her maids and matrons of honor, assisted by His Majesty, until after 12 o'clock, when she was escorted by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Verre Chouteau, to the dressing-room, where she donned her evening wrap of white cloth and Irish lace.

**Displays With Pride the Prophet's Scepter.**

She carried a scepter in her hand and played it with pride, explaining that it was not hers but the Veiled Prophet's, with girlish pride said: "He left it to me as a memento of this evening. I am a very happy and fortunate girl."

The scepter is of burnished brass, the standing about five feet and topped with a large fleur-de-lis set in rubies, emeralds, opals and brilliants, and with wiled pendants that glitter and sparkle. Miss Chouteau carried it with a fitting memento of His Majesty's Veiled Prophet to his queen and is a jewel well worthy to be prized by her. Miss Chouteau's gown was simple and elegant, of even, delicate, demure, and in its simplicity and the queen's beauty and dignity. The material of pure white crepe de chene, embroidered heavily in white dots. The bodice low, fashioned with deep tucks and fine hand shirring. No trimming whatever was used. Her wavy dark hair run low and without ornament until crown was placed on her head. In

## WATER COOLS THE PROPHETS WEARY BROW ON THE "DAY AFTER"

With eyes that were yet dazzled by the glitter of thousands of grouped and festooned electric lights, and that yet tingled with the music of bands and the shouts of tens of thousands of his loyal subjects, the Veiled Prophet Wednesday morning yawned and stretched on his downy couch in the mystic cave in Wonderland to which he was carried on magic wings after his twenty-sixth night of power and glory in St. Louis.

A wireless message from the Prophet's realm gives this account of his awakening: "The Prophet's deep and wholesome slumber was not interrupted from the time his eyelids were fanned thrice by fairy wings until the morning's gray light came. His faithful servants had gently laid him, clad in the slumber robes which by magic had been metamor-

## NEWSPAPER WRITER IS ARRESTED FOR EXPOSING MEXICAN LOTTERY

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

MEXICO CITY, Oct. 7.—Francis P. Savinien, a newspaper correspondent, was arrested today by order of the chief of police.

It is likely that Savinien will be expelled from the country.

Savinien's arrest, which he anticipated because of the plain animus against him, was made because he dared to tell the truth about the Mexican lotteries. One lottery company sued him for criminal libel.

It must be explained that these companies sell thousands of tickets in the United States where their sale is prohibited by law. These tickets are smuggled over the line and are sold surreptitiously.

To let the truth about the lotteries be

# ROSE MARION GIVES HER IMPRESSIONS

## THE QUEEN OF THE BALL



MISS LUCILLE CHOUTEAU.

Heretofore unpublished portrait of Miss Chouteau made especially for the Post-Dispatch by Strauss.

Prophet held out his hand to be kissed. "Loyal slave," he said, gently. "Did we not have a time that was most glorious?" "Sire, we had," replied the Grand Marshal, still kneeling.

"A moment of silence. Then the Prophet spoke again.

"What will they do to us World's Fair year?" he said, wonderingly.

"The Grand Marshal sighed, but smiled. "Indeed, sire, I know not," he replied. "The route of the parade was perhaps a mile longer than on any of the previous occasions, and at all points it was crowded with cheering multitudes, who found fun in everything although they were not lax in appreciation of the beauty of the scenes depicted."

The ball following the parade and crowning of the queen was equally surpassing in its beauty and magnificence.

## MYSTIC MONARCH SHOWED AWKWARDNESS IN CROWNING THE MAIDS OF HONOR

BY ROSE MARION.

This is the Day After's story of the Night Before.

The Day After it rained. The Night Before, the full moon shone and there were stars. The electric lights also worked overtime.

The Night Before was the night of the ball of the Veiled Prophet. And all St. Louis came to do him honor. Besides the honor reason there were others.

Gowns and programs and curiosity and love of crowds and delight in seeing human kind and the dread of "You missed half your life."

I lived the Night Before. I, too, went with most of all St. Louis. Before the weight of words overpowered me, let me whisper just one secret: It was some fun.

The combination against Savinien was made up of newspapers with which the government and the lotteries are most intimately connected.

To be frank, the government and the lotteries supply the sinews of war to the killers of this "combination."

## KILLED BY FREIGHT CARS.

Archibald Maynor, an employee of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, died while being taken to the Missouri Pacific Hospital in an ambulance. The police and coroner say that no report of the death came to them until Wednesday morning, two days after death.

Maynor, who was 59 years old and married, was crushed between two cars while at work on the freight platform at Seventh and Olive streets, at 9 o'clock Monday morning, and died in the ambulance while en route to the hospital.

The body will be shipped to Mount Vernon, Ill., the family home.

## DRAGON FRIGHTENED GIRL.

She Jumped and Knocked Window Screen on Another's Head.

Mrs. Clara Loomis of 528 Virginia avenue, is at her home suffering from a severe cold, which she received while watching the Veiled Prophet's parade from the front lawn of the home of her friend, Mrs. Albert Sommers, 520 North Grand avenue.

Mrs. Loomis was sitting on a settee close to the front of the house when the float with the jumping dragon passed. Some young people were in a window on the second floor, and when the dragon made one of its threatening leaps one of the girls jumped, knocked a raised window screen out of place and sent it tumbling upon Mrs. Loomis' head. The injury is not serious.

**One Road to Success.**

"Did she succeed as a cook?" "Oh, dear, no; she couldn't cook at all."

"But she seems to be prosperous."

"Of course. You see, after she failed as a practical cook she got up a cookbook and it has had a big sale."

# FILIPINOS SEE FROM POST-DISPATCH VEILED PROPHET

## THE TRIALS OF THE "DAY AFTER"



## FILIPINOS SEE FIRST AMERICAN PROCESSION

World's Fair Workmen From Uncle Sam's New Possessions Are Guests of the Post-Dispatch While Veiled Prophet's Pageant Passes on Broadway.

Twenty-eight Filipinos sat in the windows of the Post-Dispatch building last night and looked down on the Veiled Prophet's pageant—their first American procession. The Filipino loves the pomp of a procession, as he calls it in his song-speech. They were a bright lot of fellows—these Filipinos, these new St. Louisans. Small of stature, but sturdy, with brown skin, dancing, piercing eyes, smiling lips, they were a pleasant lot. But you couldn't talk to them. Or you could, but it didn't make any difference to them. They didn't know what you were saying. The average American cannot make himself understood, to any marked degree, by sign making.

One of them talked beautiful English. He was the twenty-ninth, but he wasn't a Filipino, though he had the same brown skin, the same dancing eyes, the same smiling lips. He was Trinitiy Eugene Lacayo. A son of Nicaragua, his heart has been warmed by the sun of the southern sky. He is a pleasant little man—a gentleman. Schooled in the United States, a Berkeley man, if you please, a globe traveler, the master of many languages, a leader and a diplomat, Trinitiy Eugene Lacayo is teacher and father to the Filipinos who are building a home for the exhibit which shall come from their far-away western isles.

Primitive Salvia leaned over the stone window ledge. The glare from the electric lights blazed up against his face. Stradella, the bull light, was passing. He did not clap his hands, neither did he wave his hat and cheer, but the light of the old Spanish days, the days before Lawton, and Fuston, and Otis swept over his face. He turned to Juan de Leon at his side, and pointed to the light.

"Salvia says Stradella is the best," explained Lacayo. Twenty-eight brown faces pushed out further into the night above the flame.

**Nothing Like It in Manila.**

"But Juan de Leon says, 'No it is not, Rhinegold is the best,'" continued the interpreter.

Many were the processions these men had seen—processions through the cobble streets of Manila before the occupation, and in those streets since the American men came. But as this line of splendor crept up Broadway they sat appalled.

"They have never seen anything like this. They think it is beautiful," said Lacayo.

Down below the glaring red played tag with the soft-toned blue, and a shimmer of gold came from a thousand bulbs. Broads were on fire and a multitude looked on and cheered. The men from the Philip-

**His Little Game.**

"I understand you have lost your pocketbook containing valuable papers. I don't suppose you had any valuable papers."

"No, but just see the impression the advertisement makes on the community."

## THE MAN IN THE STREET

**Painful Honesty.**

Another "honest John" has come to light. By the way, what potent influence toward honesty inheres in the name John? You never hear of "Honest James" or "Honest Charles" or "Honest William," always "Honest John." But, as we were saying, another "Honest John" has appeared in the person of John Kahelmeyer, who found a dollar bill on a Market street car and turned it over to Patrolman Shea, a claimant.

Had this man been named Bill, now, or any other thing than John, we should knowingly and inquisitively what all the money, or who saw him pick it up, but any John is above suspicion. We are forced to believe in his probity.

Still, to turn in a dollar bill that one has found is not a wholly praiseworthy thing. It smacks of self-righteousness, and makes the general laxity in the laws of righteousness all the more painful by contrast. Doubtless many unholly men will set up a claim to that bill, and yet only one person could have lost it. It was really uncharitable of John to throw temptation in our path that way. And how does he expect us to identify the old bill anyway? We admit we might have lost it. There have been occasions when we had more than one bill, and it might easily have slipped from our pockets. Of course, we will not swear to the identity of the bill, but John shouldn't have said anything about it.

He would have been richer, and the rest of us would not have been moved to the sin of covetousness.

My! but aren't we having a time!

There will be no bar in the St. Louis Woman's Club. We are so good that we can't be fashionable; thank Heaven!

Karl Weiss got married on Sunday so that he would not have to lose a day's work. Far be it from any married man to hint that Karl will have to work on all Sundays hereafter!

Health Commissioner Simon objects to the city institutions buying chickens under the name of beef. Just reverse of what boarding house patrons object to on the parts of their landladies.

Because in the police

## WORTHY RAINCOATS

There's much distinction in raincoats; some are rain proof—but show they've been through the storm. Others are void in style, particularly noticeable when used as a Top Coat.

Half the cost of well-made garments is the cost of the tailoring—lower the quality of workmanship and you lower the lasting wear and the appearance of the garment.

Our "cravenettes" are the genuine Priestley's cloths, they've been made for us, up to the standard of excellence we maintain.

**The Morning After.**

The lights are out, and the music gay has ceased, but the ghost of the melody lingers.

And back to the world of Work-a-day. We make, with the aid of about "three fingers."

O the sight was grand, and the time was hot!

And filled each breast with a proud sensation; And the face of each "Johnny-on-the-spot" Beamed bright with joy—and perspiration.

A sight that the guest could never forget He saw as the crowd along it bore him; His eyes and nose were firmly set In the shoulder blades of the guest before him.

O we mingled there with the proud elite, 'Mid the scent of roses and lilies—and on-lions; And the most aristocratic feet Scorned not to tread on common bunions.

O a splendid thing is the Prophet's Ball, Its wide old founders never blundered; For we add each year in the Prophet's hall, A cipher to the town's "four-hundred."

**\$57.50 for Round Trip to California.**

Via Missouri Pacific Railway.

Tickets on sale Oct. 8 to 12, inclusive, good for return until Nov. 30, 1903. Only the running through Pullman sleeping cars St. Louis to San Francisco. See card at city ticket office and Olive st.

**\$25 and \$30**

**Werner Bros.**

The Republic Bldg., 212 Olive Street at Seventh.

## CRANE FURNITURE CO.

### LEADERS IN ARTISTIC AND PRACTICAL FURNITURE.

Gold Parlor Cabinets, Gold Parlor Suites, Mahogany Parlor and Library Furniture, Colonial Antique Mahogany, Tuna Mahogany, Bird's-eye Maple and Golden Birch for bedrooms, displayed in magnificent style.

Brass Beds, the choicest patterns, the largest assortment in St. Louis shown by us.

Antwerp Oak for Dining Rooms, Halls and Dens.

Colonial Mahogany for Dining Rooms in splendor with us.

A grand line of Davenport and Davenport Sofa Beds.

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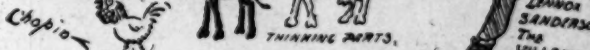








THEATERS ARE MAKING MONEY LIKE  
SO MANY MINTS DURING FAIR WEEK



Chicago THINKING ABOUT JIMMY SANDERSON THE VILLAIN

Some of the reasons why "Way Down East," six years old, can still pay to big houses at the Olympic this week.

— — —

(TO "WAY DOWN EAST,")

Old "Way Down East" will cease to pay, Some day.

They'll make the last search in the snow For Anna—lost; the wind will blow Through old Rybe. Whirlwinds whistles

tainment offered, there is a great variety. And, nobody is going to sleep in his bed. The situation comedian Adolf Zink, the headliner. His impersonation of H. Lehr does not bear Mrs. Stuyvesant's out in the statement that Harry is a different person. According to Zink, not of Newbury is the hottest bed on stove.

long. The last, last time; and David strong, Will clench his fists, and, raging, fall, Upon the villain one for all.

Hi Holler, then, with tearful eye Will say "Good-bye."

The manager will bow his head, And moan: "Alas! The show is dead."

His ticket the crowd can see, And cry: "The show is dead!"

"There's nothing doing here today," And Anderson, the knave, will sob, "O, woe is me, I'm s'ma a job."

But, let's be gay—that dreadful day Is far away.

It comes not while the heart of man

The Grand is doing a tremendous bow with Hanlon's "Superbe" this week, week it will have "In the Good Old meridian."

Blumenthal's "Des Probenzell" ("O Trüf Durt") will be presented by the main theater at the Odeon Thursday of this week. As for the newest man, will appear in a leading role series of performances for which was prepared for the first time. It begun even more auspiciously than it moters had dared hope for it, and th in a excellent humor over the propo next week.

Havlin's will have "At Crispie C next week.

Haskagen's auditorium is prosper- vash and the audiences are generous

Beats on the good, old-fashioned plan)  
Nor while the plow finds soil to turn;  
Nor while the cows give cream to churn;  
Nor while the frost which autumn yields  
Shall find a pumpkin in the fields.

Aye! Let's be gay. 'Tis not today  
It falls to pay;  
Nor while the horns for dinner toots;  
Nor while the factories make boots;  
Nor while the chesty quail at morn  
Shall pipe his lay amid the corn;  
Nor while the roll shall have the clear  
Response to call of "Farmer!" "Here!"

Blanche Walsh is known to crowded

houses at the Century this week. The reason for his attending upon "Resurrection" this week and that upon "Lady Rose's Daughter" last week is about the difference between the two written by Tolstol and those written by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. That is the big difference.

"The Sleepy King" will be at the Century this week. Walter Jones, who is starring in this coming attraction, knew how ambiguous is the title. He knew of the "I know of it here, it would be a case of 'uneasy lies the crowned head,' no matter how sleepy he be."

Don't be afraid of the heat in the local theatre this week. The "HOW" is given at the Academy of Music last night. The place captivated the large audience, and the performance was given by a company, with Grace Van Studdiford as the star, and she carried off the honors. Her brilliant and brilliant part of the ancient and splendid music.

Red Fender is far more pretentious than the other musicals. It is a musical comedy, and represents the best efforts of Emerson Cook and Reginald de Koven, while the book is by the hands of the same two men. It is a musical comedy, and represents the best efforts of Emerson Cook and Reginald de Koven, while the book is by the hands of the same two men. It is a musical comedy, and represents the best efforts of Emerson Cook and Reginald de Koven, while the book is by the hands of the same two men.

The principal comedy part was taken by Harry Sullivan, a German character.

**Mrs. Wiggs** has come out of the cabbage patch, and this week makes her appearance on the stage. Her opening at Louisville, the home of the story, was that of the biggest and most famous ever seen in the vicinity of the venerable Waterson mint beds. We are told that she did not like the Olympic games. Evidently Mrs. Wiggs still adheres to her annexation policy, and would have sold money St. Louis for the sake of the world.

laughing upon the drama this year.

Virginia Harned will open at the Olympia Oct. 19, in "Iris."

The "Sleepy King" in which Walter Jones comes to the Century Sunday night, is receiving a royal reception. The music is said to be very pretty. If it will throw out of the long and ponderous "The Merry Widow" at the Alamo, we will kiss and make up with comic opera.

The Imperial is doing its share of the heavy fair week business. It has "The Merry Widow" with all the luxuries of many years, and a capable company is for the first time playing it at popular prices. The Imperial gives the role of the old potter with a delightful realism. Next week it will play "The Merry Widow."

Johnny saw some one over in St. Louis and decided it was time to go across and get some more of the goods. He went upstairs to get his trunk, which was in the clothes closet. It was dark in the closet, and Johnnie lighted a candle. He found a cap, dropped the match and hurried away. Ten minutes later it seems to somebody in the house that something was burning. It was the clothes in the closet, which had been ignited by Johnnie's match. The fire department hurried in to see to the loss of anything except the clothing.

**WON'T MIND FOR IT AT ALL**

**Mrs. Buckley I. Hammond**

**Is Fini away.**

The Crawford theater, at Fourteenth and Locust streets, is doing a much better business this week than it has enjoyed before. The play is highly pleasing to the audiences. There is a quaintness and naturalness about the story which enables one to know very readily which side the heart is on, and to sympathize with the characters. "The Desert." This is the Arizona desert, in which a kidnapped girl is taken captive and her captor is a man who is a man who will follow a girl down into that country as sand would be made dramatic situations.

Mrs. Almee Buckley, who, with her husband, conducts a sign and Broadway painting business, has taken two of the police powers of the city.

The first step was in agreement with wordless contempt the contempt of a bluecoat to remove various signs and barrels from the front of her store. The second was in neglecting to answer a summons from the court and telling why she thus treats the officer.

Judge Kleiber ordered the fine of \$5 and \$100 for contempt, and on Wednesday morning, and gave the papers in the case to an officer for collection.

It is interesting to wonder what Mrs. Buckley will do about this.

**BURGLARS NOT AT PARADE.**  
When Sheriff's Family Returned They Found no Sign of Them.

When Frank returned to his street, after a night's search, they found a sack, and a piece of clothing, and the arrest of the man.

Frank is again on the street.









